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T H E

ANTI-PALLISERIAD:

O R,

BRITAIN'S TRIUMPHS OVER FRANCE.

DEDICATED TO THE

HONORABLE AUGUSTUS KEPPEL,

ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

NUNC VERO MANIFESTA GALLERUM

FIDES, ET INSIDIÆ OMNES PATESCUNT.

VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

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TO THE
HONORABLE AUGUSTUS KEPPEL,
ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE, &c.

S I R,

AT this awful period of unmerited adversity—when adulation retires, and the voice of flattery is no longer heard, permit a plain man to approach you; who is not accustomed to estimate excellence by the glare of Greatness, or the shades of Misfortune. The thermometer of prosperity is a deceitful criterion in pointing out Worth and Magnanimity.

When the perfidy of a restless foe aroused the just resentment of an offended nation, we looked up to you as the political Guardian and Avenger of our Country. Possessed of unimpeached integrity; of long experience in war; zealous,

lous, intrepid, and skillful—all parties united in applauding your appointment, to conduct the naval force of the kingdom, against its enemies. With a reputation so splendid, placed already on the uttermost apex of Fame, you had much to apprehend, if, when your Country demanded your aid, it were possible, you should be intimidated. The capriciousness of Fortune might in a moment blast your full blown honors. You quit the bosom of ease and retirement, once more to seek danger and victory, amidst the rage of conflicting Elements and the thunder of Battle—You failed, Sir, with the animated hopes of your friends, and the admiration of the world!

I will not presume to follow you through the evolutions of naval skill, to that victory, which, although not complete, will, if I predict aright, prove at last a source of the purest glory. Whatever credit we gave for the measure of your abilities, the transactions of that day stood enveloped in gross clouds of darkness, which the eye of discernment
could

could not pierce. Censure rained around, and the venerable Keppel, covered as he was with laurels, did not escape the inclemency of the storm. You, Sir, in whose hands the scale of British Greatness was lately suspended, stand a signal example of the changeful scene of human affairs. Thank Heaven, that the malignancy of your foe, caused him to make an insidious attack on your life and honor ! it hath cleared the mirror of your actions, and reflected them to us in their native purity and excellence. In the moment that he made his accusation, he founded a Temple to your Fame, which will endure for ever.

A just man struggling with Adversity, is a spectacle, we are told, which the Gods behold with pleasure—It is then that true Greatness and Magnanimity shine in the ray of Perfection. It is not until this period, that human nature receives the last colouring, which consigns it to a glorious immortality.

The nation now looks up for justice, and the generous clemency of your disposition will no longer shield the disobedience of a man, who, when the wings of Mercy were extended over him, aimed an erring blow at the heart of his Protector.

That you may long, Sir, continue Admiral of the British Fleet, direct its thunder, and lead it to victory,

Is the ardent desire

Of him, who has the honor

To be, with the highest admiration,

Your most obedient servant,

The AUTHOR.

LONDON,

FEBRUARY 3d, 1779.

T H E

ANTI-PALLISERIAD;

A

P O E M.

HE A R the loud voice of Honor: martial sons
Whom Britain boasts—ye who are wont to hear,
Rap on your hearts the great inspiring sound
Of War! dread War! to punish faithless Gaul.

Sunk in soft slumbers in the lap of Ease,
The slave of Pleasure, and the charms of Love;
To Fame unheedful, and the glorious wish
Which Patriots breath, to venge their Country's wrongs;

B

L_o,

Lo, Albion Youth ! So sleeps the Lion,
 Fast by his shaggy mate, in cave retir'd ;
 His noble nature fearless and unmov'd,
 When on the gleam of silent Night there steals,
 Fraudful, some Foe obtrusive on his rest.
 Arous'd he stands, his eyes with lightnings glare ;
 Then shakes the Forest with tempestuous roar,
 Prefage of death ; for furious now he springs
 With sure destruction on his rash invader.
 Thus may the Foes of Britain seek their fate !
 Ye Sons of Freedom, ye whom Freedom owns,
 Her darling Sons, and bids the World admire,
 Like Sampson rise, from false Dalilah's lap
 With force uncheck'd, and burst your sensual fetters.

With Sea, thy native Element, begirt,
 Thou sitt'st supreme, the Empress of the Main ;
 Fair Isle ! the envy, terror of the world !
 Lo busy Commerce spreads her daring wing,
 With flight advent'rous traversing each pole ;
 Roams o'er the deep, and bears the British name
 With Olive branch, an index of her mind,
 To every clime, for Barter and Exchange.

Whilst

Whilst yellow harvests crown the Peasant's toil,
 And Manufactures, with their smiling train
 Of Health, Content, true Happiness afford:
 The sure reward which Industry bestows.
 Here Rule is safety, Law with equal sway
 Protects from wrong the Peasant or the Peer.

Rich in thyself, with Empire stretched wide,
 Grasping each Hemisphere within its bounds,
 Possess'd of all that greatness can desire,
 What envious Spirit dare thy peace disturb?
 Thou fated Foe,---the Foe of earliest times,
 Proud Gaul! that aim'st at sovereign despot rule;
 'Tis thou provok'st the bitter edge of war,
 To make wild havoc of the human race,
 Spread desolation o'er the widow'd land,
 And crimson deep the hostile field with blood.

To rear the plant which devastation crop'd,
 Bring back fair Plenty deck'd with Ceres' spoils,
 Repair the ruin of wide waisting war,
 For twenty years shall Peace her blessings shed,
 Then War shall burst all awfull o'er our heads,
 Like some dread Comet of eccentric course,

Which

Which late had visited the guilty world,
And now appears to blaze with added fires.

Thus periodical, vindictive ire
Of kindled atoms, rak'd with solemn spleen,
At length break forth with vengeance raging high
'Tween the Realms.

From Belgium Cæsar came,
Inflam'd with high ambition to enslave,
And reap new Laurels in the British Isle.
Vain hope! if Union reign'd; together bound
In bond compact, its Princes might have dar'd
The Roman Eagle waving o'er their lands
The world's proud Mistress and her fame in arms.
Hail sacred Union! Foe to lawless Power!
Within thy awfull, magic circle plac'd,
Thou sit'st entrench'd, and bids the Thunders roll,
Hears the loud crack of Elements,---and Air,
Scorch'd by keen Lightnings, leaves thy head unring'd.

Through the long night which superstition spread
O'er half the globe, unfruitfull of event;
Save that the North her Sons superfluous pour'd
In roving swarms, in search of gentler climes,

Or the warm spirit of enthusiast zeal,
 Preach'd up by Monks amidst a barbarous age,
 In mad crusadoes arm'd the christian world
 Against the infidel. Then England stood the shock
 Of many a fierce invasion from the Dane;
 Sent forth her Richard, lion-hearted nam'd,
 To deeds of chivalry, heroic acts
 In Palestine. France now her visage bar'd
 To shew a front perfidious, vile, unsham'd,
 Uncheck'd by honor, or the christian cause.
 With Tancred tamper'd, 'midst the specious guise
 Of mutual zeal, against the general foe,
 To break the bonds of hospitable truth,
 With generous Richard, in deceit unvers'd.
 Or when Misfortune, with her leaden hand,
 In foreign climes the Prince a captive made,
 Then Gaulic Philip seiz'd the ignoble time
 Of shackled greatness, to despoil his rights,
 Whom he had quak'd to gaze upon if free.
 Uprise the guilty fear which Conscience still
 Suggests, and goads the insidious spirit with,
 When ransom'd Richard reach'd the English shore,

Shaking his throne, when trembling he exclaim'd,
 " Let us beware, the Devil is unchain'd."

A fairer lamp shew'd Falshood yet more bright,
 When Philip, nam'd Le Bel, 'of fair outside,
 Within corrupt, deceiv'd the credent Edward.
 Each Power had bargain'd to exchange his towns
 For just equivalent of others nam'd.
 But when the unsuspecting English Prince
 His part perform'd, the wily Gaul withheld,
 Smil'd at his cunning,---and at Justice mock'd.

But the third Edward and his warlike son
 Pull'd down the climbing greatness of proud Gaul.
 Shew'd English valor could its rights assert,
 And punish too, tho' patient of the wrong.

Illustrious day! when Cressy's field was won!
 Fatal to France and all her swelling train
 Of Nobles, Knights, and Squires who strew'd the plain,
 Assur'd of Conquest, as the Assyrian once,
 Whom Maccabeus, and his faithful tribe,
 Undaunted, met, with dreadful overthrow.
 The God of Hosts the Victor's arm had serv'd,

To

To turn the ruin which the foe design'd
 Back on themselves, as evil still recoils
 With ten-fold vengeance on its source malign.
 Then sunk the hope, which, towering, swell'd the breast,
 Whilst the rude chains which vanity had forg'd,
 Prejudging conquest, manacles itself.

* Fresh laurels grac'd at Poitiers Edward's brow,
 Wide rang'd the field, whilst Victory, on his plume
 Triumphant, sat, dispersing fearful death.
 'Gainst odds immense!--but now intestine feuds
 Corrode the flower just blossoming to fight,
 Blasts the fair growth of England's spreading pow'r,
 † Rankling within in hapless Richard's reign,
 From fierce ambition and domestic spoilers.

The sun of triumph rise once more in France,
 ‡ When daring Henry thither bore his claims
 Of just dominion o'er a conquer'd state.
 Not less in arms than great Alcides once,

* Edward, commonly call'd the Black Prince, from his wearing black armour.

† Richard the Second, who was depos'd by Henry the Fourth.

‡ Henry the Fifth, who conquer'd France, and married Catherine, the French King's daughter.

With his thin'd hands, by death, disease, impair'd,
 Fir'd with remembrance of forefathers deeds,
 At Agincourt the Gaulic strength destroy'd.

When Persecution lighted up her fires,
 And Heaven was serv'd, in zealous Mary's reign,
 By victims offer'd at the burning stake,
 To feed vile Bigotry's insatiate maw,
 In those dread times of civil woe and death,
 By Virtue fear'd,---Humanity abhor'd,
 The body politic diseas'd within,
 Soon felt disorder in the external parts,
 * Then Calais fell, the remnant of that power
 Once held supreme the rightfull Lord of France.

Long slept the martial spirit of the isle,
 To deeds of honor fought in foreign climes,
 Nor wak'd in ire against its ancient foe.
 † Mean time our Charles unnatural leagu'd with France,
 To pour destruction on the struggling Dutch.

* It is observ'd that the loss of this important place, which had been two hundred years in the possession of the English, continued to prey on the spirits of Mary until she died.

† Charles the second, who, contrary to every principle of policy, entered into an alliance with France to destroy the Dutch republic.

Baneful the union to the general cause

Of justice, liberty, and true religion.

* But soon the dastard Stuart line withdraw,

And in the seat of royalty give place

To Europe's Guardian of her rights and freedom.

† Immortal William then the bulwark stood

'Gainst domination and the tide of power,

‡ Projected long by Lewis, nam'd the Great,

To raise up freedom from her sacred base,

O'erwhelm the rights which mankind hold most dear,

And force subjection to a tyrant's will.

Vain glorious thought, which folly built on pride!

Immers'd in sensual pleasure's giddy round,

Unfeeling still the unnumber'd woes he wrought.

Wanton'd with ruin—bandied it in sport.

When blazing cities, mournful, take their rise

In curling vapours to the throne of Heaven ;

* James the Second, who abdicated the English government.

† William the Third, who was called to the throne at the glorious Revolution;

‡ Lewis the Fourteenth: he aimed at universal sovereignty. In the early part of his reign he was remarkably successful—but the wane of his greatness was a continued scene of misfortune.

D

With

With praise intoxicate, he madly deems
Destruction triumph, and is hail'd the Great.

But vengeance long protracted, now replete
By wrathful Heaven, in honors dreadful fall
On the grey head—grey in voluptuous course,
In midnight revelry and scenes of vice.

* Heaven Marlborough arm'd with angry Justice' scourge,
To burst the bubble of delusive power.
No more invincible—As flattery held,
For adverse fortune, in successive stream,
Resistance mocks—and Lewis learns to fear.

No more Versailles her thunders send abroad,
Capricious Vengeance, Ruin in her train,
Herself now fallen beneath even Pity's mark ;
† Imperious once—now abject, mean, debas'd.
Pride's icy steps a greater fall provoke.
With sober pace, all-healing Time proceeds

* The great Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the troops of the Allies against France. It is to the intrepidity and unrivalled abilities of this general, we are indebted for the demolition of the exorbitant power Lewis the Great had acquired.

† Lewis descended to the most abject representation to the States of Holland, whom he had formerly treated with all the insolence of power, and designed to annihilate.

To close the wounds which Tyranny had bred,
 And wild Ambition, in the Gaulic state,
 Uplifts her face from posture long supine,
 To work new mischief, generate new ills.
 As if some chief from heaven in ruin hurl'd,
 For vaulting pride, to reach the imperial throne,
 At last looks up, perchance, through force or fraud,
 Fresh troubles spring, revolt and endless ill.

‡ In heroic spirit Briton drew her sword,
 The generous guardian of invaded right,
 Maintain'd the cause of Austria 'gainst the Gaul,
 With various fortune. . Now the changling dame,
 || Far in the west victorious garlands wreath.
 Whilst British thunder hollows o'er the deep,
 Scouring the seas—But dire reverseful day;
 § Just when the laurels plac'd in William's view,

‡ The war of 1745, to preserve the rights of the house Austria.

|| Conquest of Louisbourg, &c. in America.

§ Battle of Fontenoy. The allied army was commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. A column of British light infantry had spread rout and confusion, wherever they appeared—Marshal Saxe gave orders for a retreat; but perceiving the English unsupported, the French artillery were ordered against them, and this brave body of men suffered exceedingly as they retired.

Capricious Fortune snatch'd the noble prize;
 The intrepid column, terror of the foe,
 Unaided falls, unconquer'd in defeat.
 France saw her triumph first for many an age,
 Not unelate—with vanity implum'd,
 Her feathers spread before the glittering ray.
 Thus vantage rests in counterpoised scale,
 Inviting Peace to close th' unhappy scene.

Slight is the hold which Faith and Justice take,
 Where interest sways—By honor unrestrain'd,
 Vain of her strength, late try'd, France warfare urg'd,
 Again to ope the mouth of horrid War,
 And scatter ruin 'mongst the sons of men.

* Dreary and comfortless the morn appear'd,
 That usher'd in the glorious rising orb
 Of Britain's triumph, to its Zenith rais'd.
 All powerful blaze, that aw'd the admiring world!
 France sunk subdued, in darkness hid her face,
 Disgrac'd and sullen at the general wreck.

Oh thou! whose mighty spirit rul'd the state,
 Charm'd jarring Faction into notes of peace;

* The last war, when the British were victorious in every part of the globe.

Whom Wisdom led, with Fortune in her hand,
 To inspire th' project, and to crown th' event,
 Call'd forth true Genius from her lone retreat ;
 Modest, yet daring—only known to Fame ;
 Immortal Pitt ! name ever dear to Virtue !
 Fir'd by thy zeal, the generous ardour caught,
 Infus'd thy spirit of electric fire
 Through every rank : each soldier on himself
 For safety, conquest, and renown rely'd.
 High deeds were wrought ; such as th' historic page
 To future times all lustrous will rehearse !
 Hawke, Saunders, Pococke, Keppel, noble names,
 Whom Fame, with silver trump, on British wings,
 From pole to pole, th' various triumph founds.

Death snatch'd in vain the Victor from his claim,
 * Immortal Wolfe ! who on Canadian plain
 Expir'd in conquest, like the Theban chief ;
 The noble pillar which long grac'd the pile,
 And stood the prop of all his country's honors ;

* General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec—His name will for ever live in the page of English history.

With many a hero, tedious to recite,
Who swell'd the current of o'erteeming greatness.

† Too clement Briton to a conquer'd foe !
Shall white-rob'd Mercy still her aim defeat ?
Leave unimpress'd the harden'd, ingrate heart ?
Root up in vain the ever-springing weed,
Spontaneous ire, which Goodness ne'er subdued ?
Nor clip the wings, which daringly upbear
To peck the noble organs of her sight,
Despoil her long-uphoarded treasur'd hopes,
And crack her wide-extended frame of empire ?

‡ Ill fated day, when England rise in arms,
Disdainful threw the placid scabbard forth,
To let rash Vengeance loose upon her sons !
As when some chief, of mighty fame in war,
At first deseries a puny foe advance,
Already triumphs in the easy conquest :
So stood, with frowning ruin on her brow,

† The last peace is generally held to have been inadequate to our acquisitions.

‡ The present civil war in America, which originated from the injustice of England.

|| The imperial 'pow'r, of huge Colossian size ;
At once to crush the gnat which crawl'd beneath.

When the great cause of Justice lifts the arm,
England has hardier deeds by far atchiev'd.
But in defence of Liberty-resolv'd,
By heaven upborne, all human power defy—
The chosen bands—by Freedom early form'd,
To stem the torrent of parental sway—
Nor fail'd. If Liberty could guide
Her blazing car o'er Heaven's high road, star-pav'd ;
§ Nor let Ambition mount the flaming seat,
Headlong to drive the fiery steeds uncurb'd ;
Then should her course be sanctified to Fame.
Thus the pure fount the warbling stream affords,
Whose plaintive notes melodious strike the ear ;
But turn'd awry by some licentious hand,
Grows foul, polluted—and its name is lost.
Shall Faction rule, and demagogues usurp

|| American resistance was long a subject of contemptuous ridicule.

§ There is good reason to believe the Congress is no longer actuated by the patriotic principles, with which it was at first influenced ; and that the public good has given place to private aggrandizement.

The

The sacred trust, for public safety lodged?
 Must tyrants spring from Liberty's excess?
 Convert the generous edge of public zeal
 Into a knife, to pierce the parent's heart;
 Themselves to raise, regardless of the voice
 Of Nature, Justice, and the general Good?

Shall Gaul the cause of Liberty espouse?
 Protectress turn?—herself its long-known scourge:
 * Dragoon'd when Henry's edict stood repeal'd:
 No shelter since—Asylum no where found,
 Far as her arm vindictive could prevail.
 Shall she the gen'rous plant pretend to rear,
 Direct its spreading branches to the skies,
 Refresh its verdure, and its glories tend
 Baneful to her; and noxious as the weed
 That grows on Styx—that blasts the ambient air?

Heav'n sure winks not at treach'ry so profound!
 Stern Vengeance must her right severe exact:
 Arouse the sleeping Genius of the Isle,

* The famous Edict of Nantz, granting toleration to the Protestants in France, repealed by Lewis the Great.

Its thunders point against the Gallic Foe ;
 By Keppel led, no more to 'scape his ire,
 Nor safety find from Palliserean fraud :
 Each spirit daring as the God of War,
 With honor fraught, and emulous of Fame,
 The dreadful shock of arms shall view unmov'd,
 And know no danger where their Leader calls.

Can'st thou forgive, Oh Chief, thy ingrate Foes !
 Thy Country too find pardon ; that lent pow'r
 To such assassins of her long-train'd Greatness.
 In hour distress, thy numerous wrongs forget,
 Ignobly heap'd upon thy laurel'd head.

Can'st thou forget the violated law,
 Practis'd to cloud thy purest rays of Fame,
 By foul contumely and the taint of wrong.

But Virtue still within her sphere presides ;
 Whilst at her blaze abash'd Vice shrinks alarm'd,
 Trembles at Justice, and looks up for Mercy.
 Mercy, too late invok'd, thou matchless tool
 Of pow'r profan'd !—upon thy recreant head,
 With rage accumulate—a Nation's rage,

(Nor melting Pity heaves the gentlest sigh)
Shall fall—the scorn and outcast of the world.

Nor shall the Muse forget thy blust'ring spleen ;
Upstart in fame, and abject slave of Power ;
Imperious Bully—void of sense or shame :
Untaught decorum, save what Northern bears,
On seas of ice, could savage natures teach.
Pale Envy mark'd thee as her favourite son ;
With thee to triumph—hurl her choicest darts,
To strike the noblest that have liv'd to honor.

But who shall speak thy praise, lascivious Peer !
Exhausted, feeble, 'midst the wreck of life,
Art strives in vain to rouse thy crazed pow'rs
For am'rous dalliance—the lamp of life untrim'd,
Unodorous, dies, which still impure hath liv'd.

Debas'd triumvirate !—whose un-Hood wink'd aim
Would Virtue stab ! Oh Heaven ! that such men liv'd,
To spoil an empire, and its glories stain !
If such things were not—Britain's name might shine
Once more resplendant, o'er the vast expanse,

And

* And crush the House of Bourbon—Raise the arm
 Once more indignant—now by Justice nerv'd ;
 † Her armies led by men whom honor binds,
 To pluck Rebellion from her lawless throne ;
 Expel vile Anarchy—tumultuous rule :
 Restore fair Peace, with all her blessings crown'd.
 On the broad basis of the general weal,
 Of mutual freedom and domestic right,
 To Concord raise a temple, to endure
 From age to age, and Time itself defy.

* An expression used by Mr. Pitt, in his speech for declaring war against Spain, at a period when he had perfect intelligence of the hostile designs of that power.

† General Clinton commands the British troops in America—A gentleman of integrity, spirit, and distinguished abilities.

F I N I S.

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